The Evening World.
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ANYTHING BUT MORE AND CHEAPER COAL.

FRANK C. REESE, Secretary of the Anthracite Consumers' League, confirms The Evening World's contention that warnings of coming coal famine are part of the propaganda by which the big anthracite coal interests further their plans to keep coal prices moving upward.

"If there is any shortage of coal this winter," declares Mr. Reese, "it will be due to the action of the operators who allowed the miners to work only half time for two months early this spring. This cut off nearly 8,000,000 tons of coal, for which the operators are to blame. After an increase of 50 cents in the price of coal was announced the miners were allowed to work steadily again."

Another point made by Mr. Reese:

> "The anthracite business is upside down. There are more steam sizes of coal on the market than can be sold, while the domestic sizes are scarce. Yet the domestic sizes cannot be produced without adding to the amount of steam sizes on the market. It would seem common sense to briquette some of the steam sizes and make this size of coal available for domestic purposes."

Last year when the war shortage of coal was at its worst in the United States, The Evening World urged for the relief of American consumers the manufacture of briquettes, which are made of small coal compressed into solid blocks by the aid of some binding material.

In France and other countries of Europe these coal briquettes have been for years familiar to consumers large and small. Only last October a British capitalist was reported to have paid $10,000,000 for big coal properties in South Wales with the intention of developing the patent fuel briquette factories and using all the fine coal which had earlier been discarded or left to fill old passages in the mines.

The great coal producers of the United States have never seen enough profit in offering briquettes to a public accustomed to consume its coal wastefully and at high prices. Coal in the huge culm piles of the Pennsylvania anthracite region has never been permitted to find its way to small domestic consumers in the form of cheap briquettes.

Why? Because the policy of the powerful group that controls the anthracite output of this country has been to feed coal to the market only in forms and quantities that shall insure the maintenance or advance of prices.

That policy has prevailed. It continues to prevail. It proved stronger than Federal administration during the war. A supine Congress has shown no sign of disputing its power to go on with the same practices during the period of Reconstruction.

It is a policy which has no use for briquettes or any other practical relief for coal consumers which begins by giving them more and cheaper coal to burn.

Mr. Hughes is the latest eminent Republican to undertake to guide the fractious feet of Senator Lodge and his band to that "safe middle ground between aloofness and injurious commitments." It's one of the worst jobs a worried G. O. P. has ever had to tackle and the weather is hot. Maybe the cool Mr. Hughes will take all fevered hands and lead on to the spot.

IT MUST NOT SPREAD.

RACE RIOTS in Chicago follow those in Washington. So far as can be learned the Chicago disturbances had their origin in trouble between white boys and colored at a swimming place on the shore of Lake Michigan.

It would almost seem as if some strange psychological aberration had started a wave of race antagonism in the United States. Why it should occur at a time when the colored man has just proved his loyalty and his soldier qualities in a way the whole Nation has acclaimed, it is hard to understand. It may be that the very credit and honor which colored fighters earned in the war have started vague resentment and anger in certain strata of white population.

Whatever the cause, the manifestations themselves must be promptly and drastically dealt with. Every outbreak of race feeling that flames up in one section of the country scatters sparks that may start a fire somewhere else.

It is for law respecting American communities to put a quick and stern extinguisher on all such outbursts, that they may not develop into a serious national shame.

Will Mr. Hearst now tune up his morning and evening "hates" against Gov. Smith to take in Tammany too?

Letters From the People

Appreciates Accurate Presentation of Facts.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The Council of this association desires me to state that it was much impressed and delighted by your splendid editorial on the policy of this association in your issue of the 21st. Permit me to thank you in the name of every member of the Actors' Equity Association. Yours very truly,

FRANK GILLMORE,
Executive Secretary, Actors' Equity Association.

And Still They Come!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On behalf of several fellow actors and myself, permit me to thank you for the splendid editorial in reference to the Actors' Equity.

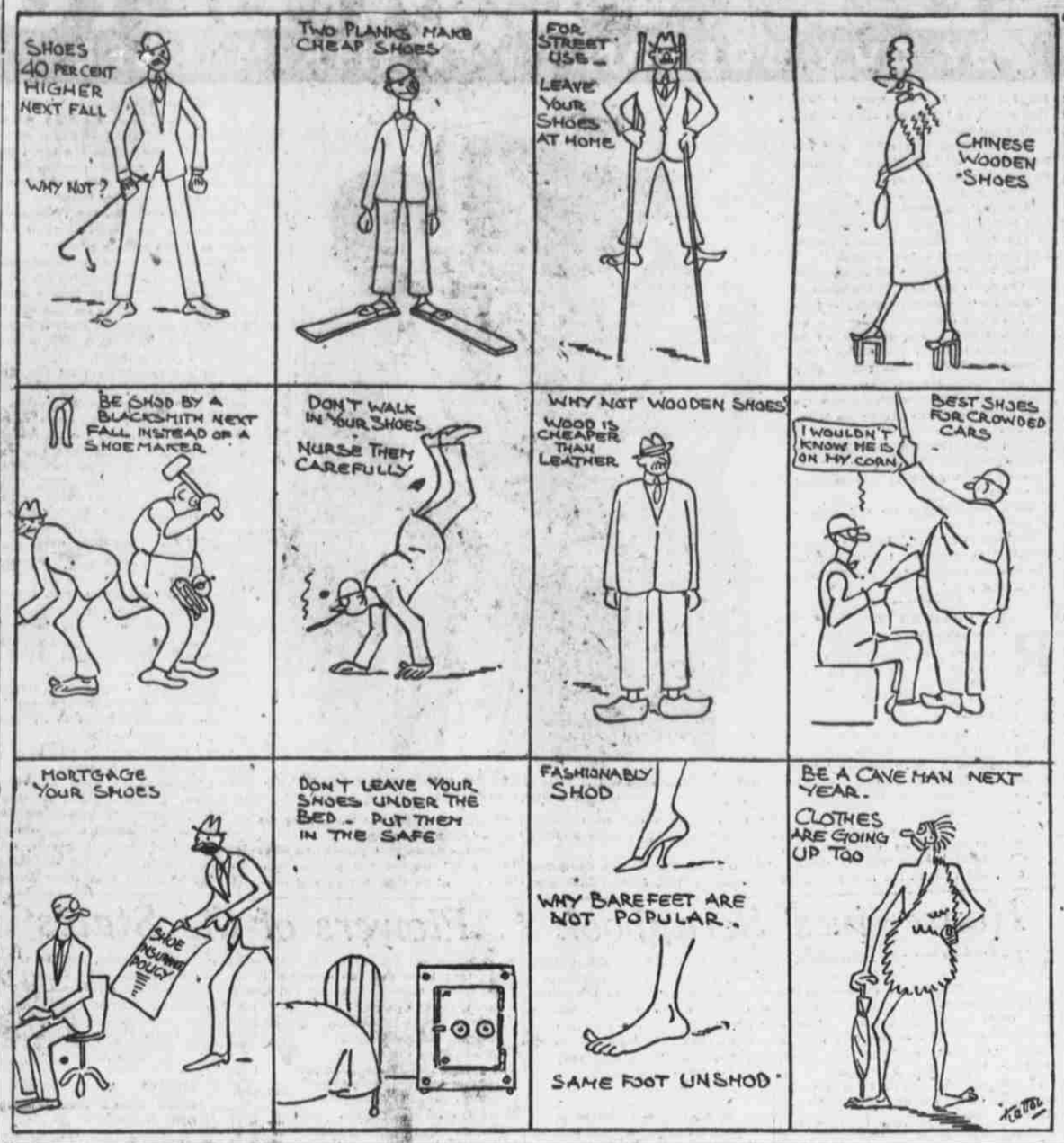
There was a time, I'll admit, when it looked as if the actors' side of the present controversy was not being fairly presented to the public, and this thought made some of us, who are impatient by nature, jump to the conclusion that the press of the country was favoring its best customers; i. e., the managers. I and others are rejoicing to discover we were wrong. I personally feel sure that honest publicity of both sides of the question would be a means of bringing the Managers' Association and the Actors' Equity together, and it would not be long before an agreement of mutual benefit would be reached.

Why the spirit of antagonism between the old time manager and actor should exist I am at a loss to understand. It is like a house divided against itself. Once more thanking you for your splendid article, I am,

Yours truly,
GEORGE S. TRIMBLE,
Green Room Club, New York City.

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten



How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 66—Edmund Kean, First of the Great Modern Actors.

EDMUND KEAN was the son of one Ann Carey, who made the baby find work on and around the stage at London's Drury Lane Theatre at an age when he should still have been in the nursery. She made him earn drink money for her as a child actor, and she beat him when he could not earn enough to satisfy her eternal thirst.

By the time he was rescued from her clutches and sent to school his worthless mother had already made a vagabond of the lad and had taught him to love drink and to hate work. Also he had developed an uncontrolled and murderous temper.

It was not a promising start along the road to success. Yet even then the wayward boy had resolved to make good and to become the foremost actor of the age. In spite of every handicap and drawback he stuck to his ambition.

School did not interest him. He ran away and went to sea. This interested him still less. A rich woman adopted him and tried to educate him.

Rich Woman Adopted Him.

Again he ran away, and fought off starvation by doing recitations and acrobatic stunts in barrooms. His chief joy was to declaim Shakespeare, in return for pennies flung at him by his amused hearers.

In 1806 he got an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre in London. His chance seemed to have come at last; his coveted chance to make good. But he scored no success at all in the small parts assigned to him. Nor did a road company tour mend his prospects. He drank too much and acted too poorly. And more than once he was hissed off the stage. He was advised to take up some other line of work. But he had formed his life ambition. And he would not swerve from it. His size too was against him in the eyes of audiences who refused to accept small men in heroic roles. He was only five feet four and very thin. Kean's first success is worth describing. It came at a town called Waterford. And it netted him $200. Here is an account of the performance:

"Kean played first in a stilted drama by Hannah More, acting in a natural and unforced way that was a delight. The afterpiece was 'La Perouse,' in which Kean played the pantomimic role of a chimpanzee and moved the spectators to tears by the dumb pathos of the monkey's death scene. He wound up the evening by dancing on a tight-rope and then by boxing three fast rounds with a professional lightweight.

Famous in a Night!

News of the hit at Waterford brought Kean an engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre at $40 a week—a veritable fortune to the down-at-heel actor. It was on Jan. 26, 1814, that he made his debut there. The role was Shylock in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Up to that time Shylock had always been a low-comedy part, played by a comedian in a scarlet wig and with a squeaky voice. (Shakespeare is said to have written it as a comedy role.) Kean amazed the world by making Shylock a powerfully human and tragic character—revolutionizing the part.

The audience acclaimed his greatness. The whole house went wild with enthusiasm. In a single night Edmund Kean had made good. The theatre-going public henceforth were at his feet. From that hour he was recognized as the greatest living actor. But his early misfortunes had soured him. For instance, the Duke of Wellington admired his art and wished to meet him.

"I refuse," snapped Kean. "I am not invited to appear before the Duke as a gentleman, but as a wild beast to be gaped at!"

The poor mountebank had made good. Europe and America clamored to honor the man who once had not had enough money to buy himself a square meal. He had stuck to his one aim in life in spite of all obstacles. And he had made good.

Living Other People's Lives

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Covetiveness Has Caused More Trouble in the Human Game Than Can Ever Be Estimated.

A WOMAN whom I have known for years has just separated from her husband.

And unless she "finds herself," there will be another divorce recorded and some broken spirits, at least, will result.

The trouble with this wife and mother is that she has not been living her own life but that of somebody else.

For years she has had a woman friend whom she has imitated and lived up to until all she has and does are not for her own choosing.

Everybody knows some one like that.

This woman friend is married to a man who has a little more worldly goods than the couple in question, and the woman friend in a fashion sort of sets the pace, which the other woman tries to keep.

For example: Mrs. A., the woman friend, buys a new set of parlor furniture, and Mrs. B. is restless until she has something as good, or a little better.

Should Mrs. A. purchase anything in wearing apparel, the same condition obtains.

When Mrs. A. chooses a place for a vacation, Mrs. B. wants to go to the same place.

Even Mrs. A.'s children are the models by which Mrs. B. brings up her family. They must go to the same school. They must get similar clothes.

They must have the same dancing teacher and the same music teacher.

In a word, in plain parlance, if you know these people well you would just sense the feeling that Mrs. A. must not get ahead of Mrs. B.

And now comes the little tragedy. Mrs. A.'s husband made a little interesting financial deal and has been able to purchase an automobile.

Mrs. B. has been miserable ever since, and she has made her husband's life a burden.

She has not said so in so many words, but the longing to equal the automobile is there all the same, and the husband knows it.

Mrs. A. took the automobile for two or three little week-end trips.

Mrs. B. has reflected on it considerably, and even unconsciously has grown peevish and become quarrelsome with her husband.

Trifles continued to count up until the crash came.

Now, I believe this condition will right itself, as both this husband and wife have inborn, commendable qualities and a good mutual friend has given the wife some sound advice, which goes something like this:

"Mrs. B., you are a charming, splendid little woman. Your husband adores you and you love him.

"There is nothing in the world that he would not do for you and the children, even to the point of sacrificing himself.

"You have the foundation of a splendid home. But up to the present you have been living anything but your own life.

"For several years you have thought with the brain of Mrs. A., until you have no desire in which she has not led. Come out of it, my dear woman. Don't look at life through the eyes of Mrs. A.

"What matters it if she has a little flivver or a gewgaw more or less.

"Perhaps she has not half the love you have in your home to make up for it.

"Covetiveness has caused more trouble in the human game than can ever be estimated.

"In fact, it has a prominent place in one of the Ten Commandments.

"Take your husband and your little family and move away from the vicinity of the woman whose life you have really lived for so long.

"Live your own. You will all be much happier. And when you will grow a little older you will see the great wisdom of it in the gain that will be yours."

I think the little woman will follow this advice, which holds good for many others.

Newest Notes of Science

Playing cards that are triangular are covered by a recent patent.

* * *

Colombia is rapidly becoming an important platinum producing nation.

* * *

Disease germs in butter become fewer in number as that commodity is stored.

* * *

The Malay Peninsula is now supplying more than two-thirds of the world's tin.

* * *

A vacuum brush which cleans draughtsmen's drawings and removes the dust has been patented.

* * *

A gold medal has been awarded to the French inventor of a shock absorber for wheelbarrows.

* * *

A mounting of recent invention permits a single lens camera to take a stereoscopic picture.

* * *

The Union of South Africa annually produces between four and five million gallons of wine.

* * *

The pressure of the water automatically starts and stops a new electric pump for private plants.

* * *

An artificial rubber of Dutch invention is said to use freshly caught sea fish as the chief ingredient.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Master Willie Jarr Pays a Call and His Respects to the Place Where Father Toils.

MR. JARR had taken Master Willie down to the office with him in the hope the boss would indignantly ask, "Why haven't you got that child out in the country this hot weather?" And then Mr. Jarr could say he couldn't afford a vacation for himself and family this year on account of the high cost of living, and the boss, conscience stricken, might raise his salary and throw a bonus in for a vacation and——

But the boss only remarked that Master Willie was a healthy looking child and asked the boy how old he was.

Master Willie Jarr told him.

"Ah!" said the boss. "This office where your father works is a nice place, isn't it?"

"No, it ain't; it's hot and dirty!" said the child, and truthfully.

"Say, 'Yes, sir!' Willie," said Mr. Jarr, warningly.

"Hem! Perhaps the little fellow is confused to be in the centre of so much commercial activity," said the boss ponderously.

The centre of so much commercial activity consisted of a perspiring porter waiting with a bale of goods on a hand truck while Mr. Jarr made out a bill of lading.

"Now, my little man," continued the boss, "I am glad to see you take so much interest in business life. Remember, always be honest."

Here the boss turned to Jenkins, the bookkeeper, and said:

"If you haven't the pure woollens in the pattern those Syracuse people want, send that job lot of that 10 per cent. shoddy. They won't know the difference and if they do, we can say it's a mistake of the shipping clerk and we have discharged him.

"And," the boss went on, regarding Mr. Jarr's little boy blandly, "and always be truthful. A business reputation must be founded and sustained on the bed rock of truth!

"A bright lad, a bright lad," continued the boss ponderously. "A very bright lad. But at his age I was in business for myself."

This was a surprising statement, considering that the little Jarr boy was about ten years old.

"Now, here is a penny for you," said the boss. "What do you say?"

"Gimme a dime," said the boy. "You can't git nothin' for a cent, 'cept to pay war tax on sodys with it."

The boss frowned but fished up a dime and walked away murmuring, "They're all alike, always kicking for more."

"What do you think of the boss, Willie? Isn't he a fine man?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Naw," said the child. "I don't like him."

The other employees standing around grinned at this and Jenkins said: "He's a chip of the old block, Jarr, only the old block hasn't spunk enough to say that much."

"Neither have any of the rest of you," said Mr. Jarr.

"Stout looking lad!" said Johnson, the cashier. "Can he fight?"

"There isn't a kid on the block his age can lick him!" said Mr. Jarr proudly. "Can they, Willie?"

But Willie, who had had his face slapped that morning by a little girl and had run home crying, did not answer.

"And modest, too," said Jenkins. "That's more than his dad is."

"Do you want your father to get you a job here as soon as you are old enough, and have gone through high school?" asked Johnson.

"No," said the little boy. "I want to be a policeman."

"You'd be kept busy running in your old man, then," said Jenkins, who was a wag.

"I wouldn't, either! You shut up!" said Master Jarr, who was tired of being teased and talked to this way on such a hot day in such a dull place and not even a water cooler in view.

"He has the same pleasing ways, the same genial deportment and cheerful good manners that so distinguish his sire," murmured Mr. Jenkins.

"You're all right, kid, but your daddy is no good! Why don't you feed the lad? He looks as if he was starved," said Johnson.

"He ate some cheese this morning and I suppose it was adulterated and has made him sick," said Mr. Jarr in a quiet tone.

This was a facer for Johnson, who, even in the lax times of ten years before had been put out of the provision trade, indicted and fined for selling filled cheese.

"I am glad you handed him that one," said Jenkins, as Johnson walked away scowling. "That guy holds his job here because he's a crook. That's the kind of fellows the old man wants around him, eh?"

When Mr. Jarr, who was getting away early this day, left, taking his little boy with him, Jenkins went grinning over to Johnson and said:

"Tough, ain't it, when a man has to bring his kids down to the office to make a play for a raise of salary, ain't it?"

But Johnson's opinion was that the boss could read character and could tell at a glance the little Jarr boy had inherited weak if not abnormal tendencies.

SINGULAR, SAY WE.

THE critic seemed struck with the picture. "This snowstorm painting is very fine, indeed," he said to the artist. "It almost makes me feel cold to look at it." "Yes, it must be realistic," admitted the other. "A fellow got into my studio one day in my absence, looked at the picture, and unconsciously put my fur overcoat on before he went out." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

Never Despair of a Bachelor's Susceptibility Until He Airily Hands You a Rope and Dares You to Try to Tether Him.

"DRY" HUMOR.

WE cannot tell the old jokes!
The dear old jokes are dead—
The one about the "ailing friend,"
The "morning-after head."

The quaint "revolving lamp post"
And the undulating door—
Alas for all the dear old jokes!
We'll never tell them more!

A husband's Sunday morning grouch is usually just the result of a mixture of underdone muffins and original sin.

A cynic is a person who believes that women are nothing but non-essentials, art is nothing but "junk," goodness nothing but stupidity, love nothing but a game and paradise nothing but a fairy tale.

Tactful flattery is the thermos bottle in which a clever wife keeps her husband's love from growing cold.

It may cause a man sincere regret to drift into a foolish flirtation, but the only thing that causes him downright repentance is not to be able to drift out of it.

If Turkey is anything like the cigarette advertisements, a lot of men must feel rather sad at the thought of her possible disappearance from the map.

To be cheerful in rainy weather a man must be either a hero or a hypocrite.